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LONGMANS'
SAINTS OF INDIA
SERIES

KABIR DAS
AND
GURU GOVIND

GRADE I

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. LTD.
CUTTA BOMBAY MADRAS

383

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விவேகானந்தர் சங்கம்
காரைக்குடி.

நன்கொடையாளர் .....

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புத்தக எண்..... பதிவு எண்.....

V. Rangarajan

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LONGMANS' SAINTS OF INDIA SERIES

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புஸ்தகம் இனமளித்தவரின்

பெயர் V. வைத்தியலிங்கம்.

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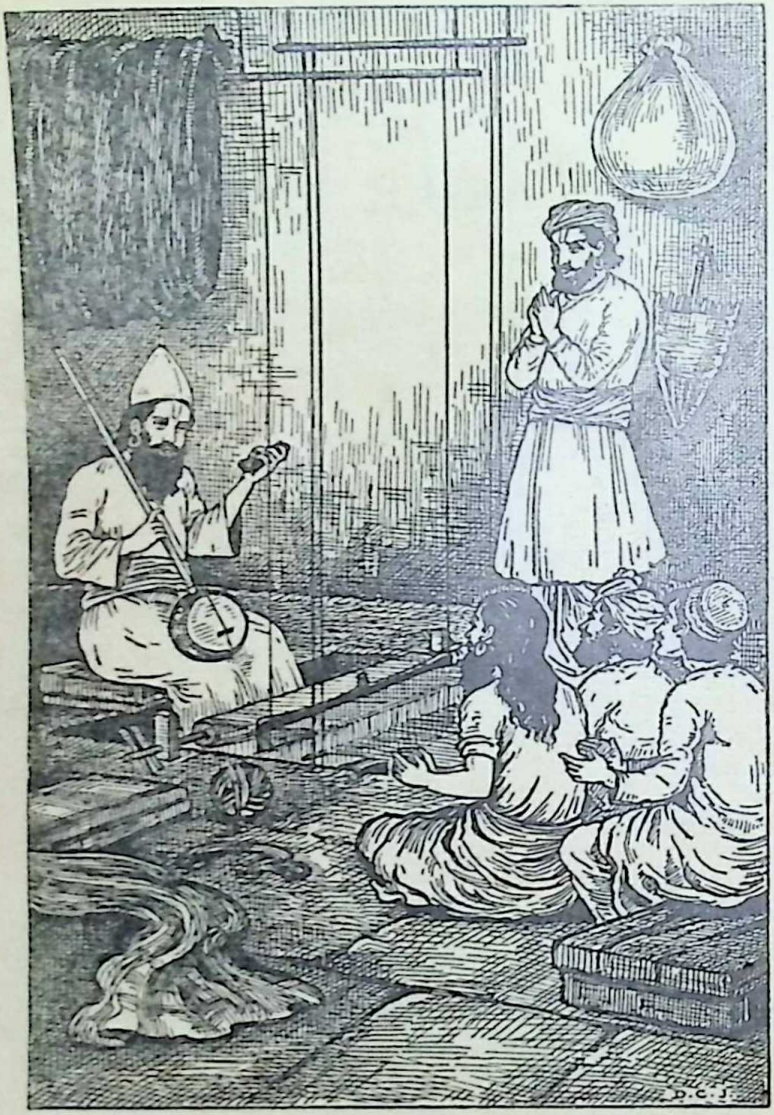

'. . . . And his friends would gather in his house to listen to his beautiful songs.' (See pages 2 and 3.)

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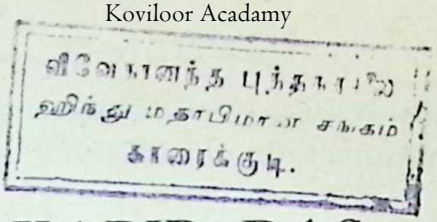

KABIR DAS

I

About five hundred years ago, a Muhammadan weaver lived in Benares. His name was Niru. He had no children. In his daily prayers, he used to say, 'O! Lord! Grant me a son.'

Early one morning, he was returning home from a neighbouring village. In the still air, he heard the cry of a little child. He went in the direction of the sound and came to the side of a tank. There he found a newborn baby. Looking about, he saw no one. He lifted the baby in his arms, wrapped it in his clothes and walked home quickly.

He gave the child to his wife and said, 'I found it, left all alone, by the side of the Julahapur tank.' The wife said, 'This darling is a gift from God. Allah has heard our prayers and has given us a son.' She kissed the child and pressed it to her bosom.

A *Kazi* was living next door. Niru called him in, to bless the child. The *Kazi* said,

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'This child will grow to be a great man. You shall therefore call him *Kabir* which means great.'

II

Kabir grew up as a fond son. He was very playful and mischievous. He never went to school. When he was old enough, he learned the art of weaving and helped his father at his work.

He could sing very well. He learnt many songs from wandering *fakirs*. From them he also heard many stories of saints and sages.

Before he was twenty, both his adopted father and mother died.

III

At the age of twenty-five, he married. The bride's name was Loi. Kabir had known her from her infancy. She was the daughter of one Neti, who was also a weaver in Benares.

Ten years later, Loi gave birth to a son. The child was named Kamal.

Kabir led the quiet life of a weaver. His love for *fakirs* continued as in his younger days. Many of them came to his house daily. He was kind and hospitable to all.

He would often sing at his work. And

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his friends would gather in his house to listen to his beautiful songs.

The years went by and Kamal was now a boy of fifteen. He became also a great devotee of God.

One day, he came to his father and said, 'Sire! I wish to go and visit all the holy places in the land. Please give me leave.' Kabir embraced his son and said, 'Yes, with all my heart. I am blessed to have a son like you. May you live long!' Kabir persuaded Loi also to grant the boy's request.

Kamal left home. He joined a group of *fakirs*. He wandered with them from place to place, and gave no thought either to home or father or mother.

IV

One day Kabir was weaving a saree. He sat at the loom all day and far into the night. His eyelids drooped and he fell asleep.

He dreamt that he saw two young men. They looked like brothers. They were very beautiful. One of them said, 'Kabir! you are tired. You should take rest. We shall finish your work.'

Kabir woke up. He saw the saree was

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complete. He rubbed his eyes to see if he were still dreaming. No. He was awake. He called his wife. She wondered at what she saw. Kabir told her his dream.

She said, 'The Lord is surely with us. Blessed are we that we are poor. He has taken pity on us and come to help us.'

The husband and wife knelt down and sang the Lord's praise.

Kabir cut the saree from the loom and touched it with his head. He said to his wife, 'My dear! We shall not sell this saree.'

'No,' added Loi. 'We must never part with it. It is a gift from Heaven.'

From this time, Kabir's devotion to God increased. He gave no thought to what he should eat or to what he should drink. He was pleased with what he got by chance. He thought only of God. He sang, 'I have no taste for food; I have no sleep. My heart is always restless. Kabir is longing for the sight of his Beloved.'

People called him mad. Loi was sad at heart to see the state of her husband. She had no one to help her. Kamal, her son, was her only hope. She prayed to God day and night for his early return.

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When Kabir could not work, and Kamal did not return, Loi became a maid-servant in the house of a rich man. His name was Tulsi Das Sait. By this means, Loi supported her husband and herself.

After a time, Kamal returned. There was great rejoicing. He served his father and mother like a true son and made their hearts glad.

V

Kabir wanted a Guru to teach him. He heard of the great Vaishnavite teacher Ramananda who was then in Benares. Ramananda mixed freely with men of other creeds. He was not strict in his caste rules.

Kabir said to himself, 'My heart longs to be with him. But will the holy Guru take me as his disciple?'

He thought and thought and at last made up his mind what to do.

One morning, he went to the Panchganga ghat, two hours before sunrise. He laid himself down across the river steps. He knew that this was the place where Ramananda went to bathe daily.

As usual, Ramananda came there. It was

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still dark. Kabir saw him and crept slowly to where he was walking down.

Kabir's wish was fulfilled. Ramananda trod on his head. He suddenly stepped aside, saying, 'Ram, Ram!'

Kabir at once rose up and fell at the Guru's feet. He said, 'O! Holy One! I have become pure by the touch of your feet. You have given me also the Lord's name. I am blessed. I am the servant of your servants.'

Ramananda was pleased with Kabir's devotion. He embraced him and said, 'Whoever you are, you are great in faith. Sing the name of the Lord and you shall be free.'

VI

Kabir returned home. He was now full of joy. To his friends, he said, 'The holy Guru Ramananda has taken me as his disciple. My heart is full of joy.'

The disciples of Ramananda heard of this. One day, they took Kabir to their Guru and said, 'This Muhammadan calls himself a fellow disciple of ours. We are ashamed.'

Ramananda smiled and received Kabir with open arms. He said to his disciples, 'This is

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Kabir Das, the servant of the truly great. His faith has made him pure and holy.'

Kabir knelt down and touched the Guru's feet with his head.

He sang, 'To thee, thou hast drawn my love, *O! Fakir.* With only one word thou hast broken all my bonds. Thou hast joined thy heart to my heart, *O! Fakir!*'

After this, Kabir spent much of his time with the Guru in the *Mutt.*

One day, a learned Pandit came to Benares. Ramananda sent Kabir to argue with him. A great crowd gathered to listen to the discussion.

Before they began their talk, the Pandit said to Kabir, 'May I know your caste, please?'

Kabir replied, 'Do not ask a devotee what caste he belongs to. The priest, the warrior, the tradesman and all castes are seeking for God. The barber has sought God, so has the washerwoman and the carpenter. Hindus and Moslems alike seek the one and only God. To God, all men are the same.'

The Pandit repeated his question. 'But I must know your caste. I will not degrade myself by talking with a man of low birth.'

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Kabir laughed and said, 'If you must know, then know that I am a weaver. But no one knows the secret of the weaver. God Himself is the Master Weaver. He has woven this world. My weaving now is done in deep silence. I have made my thread one with the thread of God. I have no quarrel with any one. I have given up both the Pandits and the Mullahs. I weave clothes and wear them myself. Where I see no pride, there I sing God's praises.'

All wondered at Kabir's words. The Pandit asked no more questions.

This incident increased the jealousy of Kabir's fellow disciples. They tried in many ways to do him harm.

Once he was with some of them in a boat. He was sitting apart from them with his eyes closed. Suddenly, they lifted him up and threw him into the river. He swam ashore. He did not tell any one about it. He forgave his enemies and forgot their wrongs.

VII

At the Guru's command Kabir went forth as a preacher.

He said, 'Ram and Rahim are one. Hari

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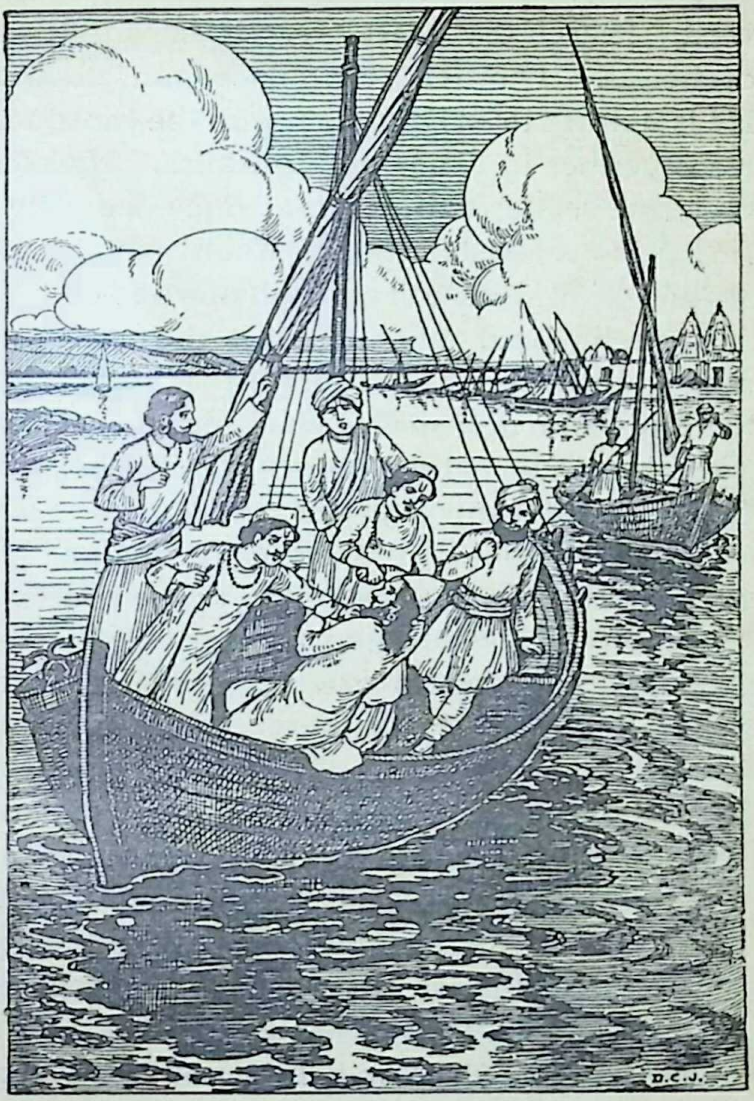

. . . . Suddenly they lifted him and threw him into the river.'

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dwelleth in the east; Allah dwelleth in the west. Search thy heart; search in thy heart of hearts. There is His place and abode. He is neither in the temple nor in the mosque. He is neither in Kaaba nor in Kailas. If thou art a true seeker, thou shalt at once see Him. Lo! He is beside thee. Kabir says, "O Sadhu! God is the very breath of your life." '

Again he sang, 'He himself is the tree, the seed and the germ. He himself is the flower, the fruit and the shade. He himself is the Sun, the Moon and the Stars. Kabir is blessed for he has seen this supreme vision.'

The fame of Kabir spread far and wide. Seekers after God from all parts of the country came to see him and listen to his songs. Guru Nanak, Namadev, Ravi Das and Tilochan were the chief among them. Many became his followers. Dharma Das and Shrutagopal were the names of two of his chief disciples. His son Kamal also followed his teachings.

Though Kabir was so good and so great, he also had his enemies, as we have seen. All narrow-minded men hated him and his religion of equality and brotherhood.

Once, they captured him and took him before the Emperor Sikandir Lodi. They all

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bowed to the Emperor with due reverence and waited before him with folded arms; but Kabir stood erect.

The courtiers said, '*O Fakir!* Show respect to the Emperor.'

Kabir replied, 'I do not know the ways of your court. The Lord of my heart is the Emperor of Emperors. My head bows to Him and to His devotees and to none else.' The Emperor was silent.

The enemies of Kabir said, 'This man is impudent. He preaches a false religion. The Hindus and the Moslems alike hate him. He leads people astray. He must be put to death or driven away from the kingdom.'

Sikandir Lodi was a wise and just ruler. He was a man of broad views. He understood Kabir's greatness. So he let him go in peace.

VIII

Some time after, Kabir left Benares where he had lived for nearly sixty years. He went from place to place with his disciples, preaching and gathering more followers.

At last, he reached Maghar, near Gorakhpur. His health broke down and his voice failed. He was no longer able to sing. He passed

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away quietly in his seventy-eighth year. His death was like the silent dropping of a ripe fruit from a tree.

Both the Hindus and the Muslims hated him when alive. Now they fought for his body. The Hindus wanted to burn his body and the Moslems to bury it.

Then Kabir himself appeared before them. He said, 'Lift the shroud and look beneath.'

They obeyed. A heap of flowers was all they found. The Muslims took one half of it and buried it in Gorakhpur. The other half was taken by the Hindus to Benares and burnt.

IX

The followers of Kabir Das are found to-day in Upper and Central India. They are known as *Kabir-Panthis*. They have their chief *Mutt* in Benares. In the *Mutt*, there are some paintings of Kabir. In one of them, Dharma Das and Shruta Gopal are kneeling at his feet and Kamal is seen fanning him.

Kabir's songs are in Hindi and are very popular. They have been translated into many languages in the east and in the west. They have earned for Kabir a lasting fame.

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GURU GOVIND

I

The Punjab, or the land of the five rivers, is a rich and beautiful country. It is the home of the Sikh people. They are well-known for their bravery and devotion.

Guru Nanak is the father of the Sikh nation. He lived and preached his reformed religion about the same time as Kabir.

Guru Govind is the tenth and last of the Sikh Gurus and he came nearly two hundred years after Guru Nanak. He was the only son of Teg Bahadur, the ninth Guru. He was born in Patna and he grew there under the care of his mother and grandmother.

II

As a boy at play with other boys, Govind always took the part of a commander or a judge. His favourite toys were bows and arrows. Sometimes he would lead his little troops to battle; at other times he would hold court and pretend to punish wrong-doers.

One day, Govind was playing on the road

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with a group of boys. The Nawab of the place came along on an elephant. His men called to the boys and said, 'Salute the Nawab.'

The young Govind replied, 'We will not salute him.' And he roared with laughter. All the other boys laughed too, and the Nawab was angry.

Govind said to him, 'I will take your kingdom away from you and make you salute me.' When he heard this, the Nawab said, 'We must not mind the foolish talk of children,' and passed on.

Govind grew more mischievous every day. There was a tank in his house. Men and women came there with earthen pots at all hours to fetch water. Govind would often hide and then throw stones and break the pots.

Though he was hardly six years old, his mother could not control him. Teg Bahadur heard of all this and sent for his family to come to Anandpur.

III

He placed his son under the charge of capable teachers. The boy received a good

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education. Besides his mother tongue, he studied Hindi, Samskrit and Persian.

He grew rapidly. Every one said, 'He is fit to be a leader of men.' Teg Bahadur arranged for his marriage early. The bride's name was Jito Devi.

IV

Aurangzeb was then the Moghul Emperor ruling in Delhi. He was very anxious to convert all men to Islam. He sent his men to capture the Sikh Guru and set a prize of one thousand rupees on his head.

Teg Bahadur heard of this. He understood that his life was in danger. He called Govind to him and gave him the family sword. He said, 'I see my end is near. The emperor's men are on their way to capture me. Aurangzeb is sure to put me to death. This is the sword of your grand-father. Use it as he did to protect the holy cause. You are the future Guru of the Sikhs. May you live long!'

The boy grasped the sword firmly and bowed in silence.

Teg Bahadur continued, 'For my part, I am not afraid of death; for I have faithfully served my God and my country. It is my wish that

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you should obtain my body after death and cremate it with due rites.'

With these words, Teg Bahadur took leave of his son. He fled to Agra. There he was arrested and taken before Aurangzeb. The Emperor said to him, 'If you give up your religion and accept Islam with all your followers, your life will be spared. Otherwise, you shall die.'

Teg Bahadur replied, 'I am prepared to die. If you kill me unjustly you will dig your own grave. I am glad to lay down my life as a sacrifice to end your tyranny.'

The Emperor threw him into prison and tortured him for several months.

At last he was cruelly murdered. His body was exposed in a public place. Aurangzeb gave the following order: 'Soldiers! Take care that no relative or follower of the Guru removes the body for burial.'

V

The news reached the ears of the young Guru. He thought of his father's last words. He said to himself, 'I will recover the body or die in the attempt.'

That night, without telling any one, he set

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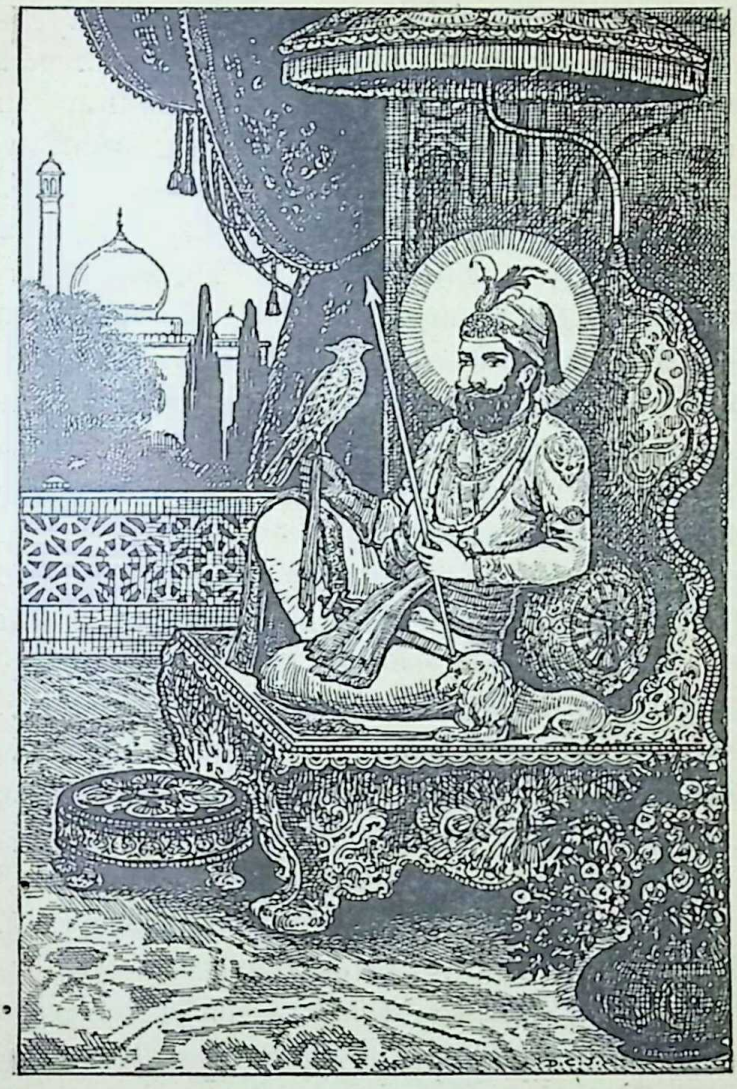

GURU GOVIND SINGH

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out for Delhi. He was dressed as a beggar. He walked for nearly two hundred miles.

He saw a cart coming towards him. As the cart passed him, he heard the men in the cart talking of the murder of Teg Bahadur. He understood that they were friends.

He told the men who he was. He told them also his errand.

The old Sikh carter said, 'Delhi will be a death-trap to you, O! Holy One. You are now the only hope of our race. Let me have the honour of recovering the body of our Guru. Meanwhile, you must remain in hiding in my cottage.'

Govind said, 'I admire your devotion. But I will not allow any man to risk his life. I shall go myself.'

The Sikh said again, 'I am old and useless. Only in this way I can show my love for my Guru. You must allow me to go. You are young and you do not know the danger. You cannot escape it if you are found out.'

At last, Govind consented to the proposal. He was taken to a cottage near by.

Then the brave carter and his son dressed themselves as Muhammadans and drove towards Delhi.

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VI

The carters reached the place at dead of night. They found the body of the Guru quite unguarded, and lifted it quickly into the cart.

The old man said in a low voice, 'When the sentinels come back, they will miss the body. They will raise an alarm. Then every road from Delhi will be searched, and we are sure to be caught.'

The son said, 'My father, let me take the place of the Guru. You have two more sons. Sacrifice me for a holy cause.'

The old man replied, 'No, my son. Your life is yet before you. I am very old and I will not miss this chance of dying in a way fitting the honour of our race.'

He cried, 'Victory to the Guru!' and plunged the dagger into his heart. The son disguised the body of his father in the Guru's clothes and left it in the same place.

He brought the Guru's body safely to the cottage before dawn. With due rites, it was cremated inside the same cottage. Its roof was burnt down with the pyre to avoid suspicion. Afterwards, the ashes were collected in a metal basin and buried there.

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One hundred years later, the Sikhs found out the spot and built a temple over it. It stands near Delhi to this day.

VII

After the death of Teg Bahadur the Sikhs were building their hopes on their young Guru. Govind finished his education during these years, and became a keen sportsman and skilled in all feats of arms.

At this time, a devotee from Lahore offered him the hand of his daughter Sundari. Govind wanted to decline the offer, but his mother urged him to accept it. He did so, and four years later, Mata Sundari gave birth to a son. The child was named Ajit. Within the next twelve years, he had three more sons by his first wife.

VIII

Guru Govind was now thirty-two years old. He could no longer remain quiet. He wanted to put down the tyranny of the Moghuls, and said to himself, 'Now, I must get ready.'

Before beginning his campaigns, he was advised to worship *Durga*, the Goddess of War. Though such worship was against the creed of Nanak, Govind accepted it.

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He retired to a neighbouring hill and began the worship. He had a priest from Benares to guide him. The Puja went on for four months, day and night. At the end of it, Govind offered one of his fingers as *bali*. He then came out of the shrine, and addressed the Sikhs who had gathered there, 'The Mother's worship is now coming to a close. How many of you are prepared to lay down your life for your religion? O Ye Heroic Souls! Step forth. The Mother will be pleased to accept you as the real *bali*. Your sacrifice will pave the way to the glory of the Sikh nation.'

For a time everyone remained silent. Then a Sikh was seen to rise up slowly from the crowd. He shouted, Victory to the Guru! and approaching the Guru, fell at his feet. The crowd cheered.

Govind embraced the brave Sikh and took him inside. Soon, he returned with his sword dripping blood.

Again he called forth. Another Sikh came forward and the Guru took him inside and returned as before.

One after another, three more offered themselves quickly. The Guru again went into

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the shrine but this time, he came back with the five devout Sikhs. Each time he went into the shrine, Govind had only killed a goat. The five devout Sikhs became his chosen disciples. In the history of the Sikhs, that day is still looked upon as a red-letter day; for it showed that theirs was a man-making religion.

IX

The Guru turned to the chosen five and said, 'My brothers, you are in me and I am in you. He who thinks there is any difference, thinks wrongly.'

He added, 'In the time of Guru Nanak, there was found one devout Sikh, namely Guru Angad. In our time there are found five such.'

The people fell at their feet saying, 'Hail to the Sikh religion.'

The Guru continued, 'Baba Nanak taught humility. So his followers drank the water, which had washed the Guru's feet. I have come to teach you manliness. You shall therefore drink the water stirred with a dagger. This shall change you from Sikhs to

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Singhs. From now you shall walk the earth like lions.' *Sikh* means an obedient follower; *Singh* means a lion.

After this, the Guru asked the chosen five to stand up.

An iron pot full of water was brought and he dipped his dagger into it. He gave a little of it to each of the five. They sipped it saying, '*Wah Guru!*' and bowed down. Govind said, 'Rise up, you *Singhs!*'

He then said to them, 'You must always carry your sword with you and be prepared to fight for the holy cause. You must also wear the following five things. The *kesa* or uncut hair and beard; the *khanda* or dagger; the *kanga* or wooden comb; the *kara* or iron bangle; the *kuchha* or short drawers. You should help the poor. You must rise at dawn, bathe and read the hymns of the Gurus. You must live like brothers of one family. In the holy house of God all castes are alike. All those who accept this code shall be known as the *Khalsa* or the pure in spirit.'

Then Guru Govind bowed to the five and said, 'Baptise me in the same way. As Guru Nanak placed Guru Angad on the throne, so have I made you all Gûrus.'

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So he was baptised and from that time he was known as Govind Singh.

He said to his followers, 'Now I give up all my rights to the *Gurudom*. I shall count myself only as a servant of the people. Worship the *Khalsa* as your Guru.'

X

The new spirit of the *Khalsa* spread rapidly. Men and women from all parts of the country brought many valuable presents. Govind liked most of all, gifts of arms and horses. Thus he collected a large store of fighting material.

One day a poor peasant came with his daughter to see him. He said, 'I have nothing of value to give you. Please accept my daughter Sahib Devi. She is a pious girl. She has heard of your greatness and she has vowed to wed you.'

Govind Singh said, 'I have learnt to look upon all women as my mother. How can I accept your gift?'

The peasant replied, 'Guruji! She cannot live apart from you. Make her your servant-maid. Or, do what you like with her. She is your own.'

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'I have learnt to look upon all women as my mother. How can I accept your gift? . . .'

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Govind then accepted her hand in holy wedlock. But he said to her, 'You will have no children. You will be the mother of the *Khalsa* nation.'

So every Singh to this day looks upon Sahib Devi as his spiritual mother. She is worshipped as Mataji.

XI

Govind Singh next set to work to form an army. He said, 'All Singh households having more than four men should send at least two to the army.' His least wish was a command. Within a short time, he had an army eight thousand strong.

Then he built a workshop and made swords, guns, rifles and arms of different kinds. He also built four forts to protect himself from his enemies.

Seeing all this, the neighbouring Hill Rajahs grew jealous of Govind Singh. Several of them joined together and attacked him. But they were utterly defeated. They fled like wolves before lions.

Then the Rajahs appealed to Aurangzeb for help. The Emperor sent a big army under

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Wazir Khan, Governor of Sarhind. He laid siege to Anandpur.

The siege continued for five months. The garrison had no provisions. They were forced to live upon the barks and leaves of trees, but they withstood the enemy bravely.

As the days passed on, Govind Singh lost all hope. He said to his men, 'It is useless to continue thus any longer. We must think out a way of escape. But we must not leave any things of value to fall into the hands of the enemy.'

One night, Govind Singh noticed that his enemies were off their guard. He managed to send his wives and several ladies in disguise to Delhi. His mother and his two younger sons were taken to Sarhind by a servant. And he also escaped with his two elder sons and a hundred followers.

Soon he was pursued. Fighting and flying, he reached a small village at sunset. Only forty of his men were left. They took shelter in a ruined mud house and made it their fortress.

The next day the fight continued. The two sons of Govind Singh fell fighting bravely. When night came, only eight men remained.

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One of the men was very much like the Guru in appearance. He said, 'Master! You are the saviour of our race. We cannot allow you to die here. You must escape. I shall remain here in your dress. They will take me for you and kill me. And you will not be pursued.'

Govind Singh was very sad at heart. He was unwilling to leave his men to die and save his own life. But he had a mission to fulfil. At last he embraced his followers and with tears in his eyes walked away from them slowly and made his escape.

XII

He fled into the country south of the Sutlej. During his wanderings, he heard of the sad death of his mother and his younger sons at the hands of Wazir Khan.

Then the Guru wrote a long letter to Aurangzeb. He set forth in it the foul deeds committed by his officers. He wrote, 'My four sons have been killed. Yet, I remain behind like a coiled snake.

'O! Faithless man! Thou art a worshipper of wealth and worldly power. Thou knowest not God and believest not in Muhammad.

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'It is good to act according to thy religion and to know that God is dearer than life. He never ordered thee to annoy others.

'Be not reckless. Fear God. He cannot be flattered or praised. The King of Kings is without fear. He is the true Emperor of earth and heaven. He is the Protector of the miserable and the Destroyer of the reckless. The Great God will not recall thee with all thy wealth. Take heed and turn to Him.'

After many adventures, he settled in Talwandi in the Patiala country. This halting place is known also as Damdama. It is a great Sikh centre of learning. Now Govind called back his wives to him from Delhi. Here several Hindi poets gathered round him. With their help he wrote a big book containing all his teachings.

Soon after he reached Talwandi, he received a reply from the Emperor to his letter. The messenger returned with presents to the Guru. Aurangzeb wrote, 'I am sorry for all the wrongs that have been committed in my name. I shall very soon make everything right. If you come and see me in person, we can settle our differences.' Govind did not place much faith in his words.

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A few months later, Aurangzeb fell ill and died in South India.

XIII

His eldest son, who was the Viceroy of Kabul, returned to Delhi. He succeeded his father, and took the title of Bahadur Shah.

Prince Azam, the younger son, was near Aurangzeb, when he died. He proclaimed himself Emperor and came to fight for the throne.

Meanwhile, Bahadur Shah became friends with Guru Govind. Govind promised to help him. A battle was fought in Agra and Prince Azam was killed.

Bahadur Shah returned to Delhi. He took Govind Singh with him. He treated the Guru with great honour and gave him five lakhs of rupees and several valuable presents.

The Emperor then set out for the Deccan. His object was to subdue another brother of his who was in the South. The Guru also went with him. They visited Mathura, Brindaban, Jaipur, Jodhpur, Ujjain and other places.

When they reached the banks of the Tapti, the Guru wished to spend some time there. But Bahadur Shah wanted to go and meet his

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brother who was marching from Bijapur with his army. So he left the Guru and proceeded south.

XIV

Then the Guru moved on to the banks of the Godavari. When he was camping there, he met with an untimely death. He was then only forty-two. He had with him two Muhammadan servants. The Guru had killed their father many years ago. Then he had taken pity on his two sons and kept them in his service. As they grew up, they had often thought of avenging their father's death. But the Guru did not suspect them.

Now they saw their opportunity. The Guru was asleep alone in his tent. One of the brothers stole in and stabbed him. The Guru got up and slew him. His brother was keeping watch at the entrance. He was also caught and killed by the Singhs.

The news reached Bahadur Shah. He was then at Hyderabad. He sent his own physician to attend upon the Guru. But he did not recover.

He prepared to quit the world. Mata Sahib Devi was with him. He gave her his belt and sword and a picture of himself and sent

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her to Delhi. Fifty faithful followers remained with him.

He chose the site for his cremation. An enclosure was made with tent cloths. Inside it, a big pyre was built.

Guru Govind Singh bathed. He dressed himself as usual like a warrior. Then he said to his followers, 'Now I am ready to launch my boat. I entrust the Khalsa to the bosom of the Lord. Ever remain under His protection. Trust no one else. He who wants to see me, let him obey the *Guru Granth*. It is the visible body of the Guru. *Wah Guruji Ki Khalsa! Wah Guruji Ki Fateh!*'

Then he went into the enclosure alone. No one followed him. Such was his command.

Soon after, the people outside saw the pile ablaze. Cries of *Sat Sri Skal!* filled the air. 'True is the God, who never dies.'

A shrine stands there now to the memory of Guru Govind. It is visited by many Sikhs every year.

THE END

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